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WHOLE NO. 399.

BATTLE WITH LIFE.

Bear thee bravely,
Strong heart and true!
Meet thy woes bravely,
Strive with them too!
Let them not win from thee
Tear or regret,
Such were a sin from thee
Hope for good yet!

Rouse thee from drooping,
Care-laden soul;
Mourningly sleeping
'Neath grief's control!
Far o'er the gloom that lies
Shrouding the earth,
Light from eternal skies
Shows us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger,
Resolute mind!
Let care no longer
Heavily blind.
Rise on the Eagle wings
Gloriously free!
Till from material things
Pure thou shalt be.

Bear ye up bravely,
Soul and mind too!
Drop not so gravely,
Bold heart and true!
Shining through the gloom,
God's love is beaming bright.
Even round the tomb—
Even through Death's dark night.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

TREATING A CASE ACTIVELY.

I was sent for in great haste to attend a gentleman of respectability, who had been discovered in his room lying senseless on the floor. On arriving at the house I found Mrs. H.—in great distress of mind. "What's the matter with Mr. H.?" I asked on meeting his lady, who was in tears, and looking the picture of distress.

"I am afraid it is the apoplexy," she replied, "I found him lying upon the floor, where he had, to all appearance, fallen from his chair. His face is purple, and though he breathes, it is with great difficulty."

He had been lifted from the floor, and was now lying upon the bed; sure enough his face was purple and breathing labored, but somehow the symptoms did not indicate apoplexy. Every vein in his head and face was turgid, and he lay perfectly stupid, but till I saw no clear indications of any actual or approaching congestion of the brain.

"Hadn't he better be bled, Doctor?" asked his anxious wife.

"I don't know that it is necessary," replied I. "I think if we let him alone it will pass off in the course of a few hours."

"A few hours!" exclaimed she. "He may die in half an hour."

"I don't think his case is so dangerous, madam," said I.

"Apoplexy not dangerous, doctor?"

"Pray, what do you think it is, doctor?"

Mrs. H.—looked anxiously into my face.

I delicately hinted that he might possibly be drinking too much brandy; but to this she indignantly objected.

"No, doctor, I thought to know about that," said she. "Depend upon it, the disease is more deeply seated. I am sure he had better be bled. Won't you bleed him, doctor? A few ounces of blood taken from his arm may give life to the now stagnant circulation of the blood."

Thus urged, I, after some reflection, ordered a bowl and bandage, and opening a vein, relieved him of about eight ounces of blood. But he lay as insensible as before, much to the distress of his wife.

"Something else must be done, doctor," she urged, seeing that bleeding had accomplished nothing. "If my husband is not relieved quickly, he must die."

But this time, several relatives, who had been sent for, arrived, and urged upon me the adoption of some active means of restoring the sick man to consciousness.

One proposed mustard plaster all over his body; another a plaster on his head, and a third his immersion in hot water. I suggested that it might be well to use a stomach pump.

"Why, doctor?" inquired one of his relatives.

"Perhaps he has taken some drug," I replied.

"Impossible, doctor," said the wife; "he has not been from home to-day, and there is no drug in the house."

"No brandy?" I ventured this suggestion again.

"No, doctor, no spirits of any kind, not even wine in the house," returned she, in an offended tone.

I was not the regular family physician; and had been called in to meet the alarming emergency, because my office happened to be the nearest to the dwelling of Mr. H.—. Feeling my position to be a difficult one, I suggested that the family physician had better be called.

But the delay, doctor, urged the relatives.

"No harm will result from it, be assured," I replied. But my words did not assure them. However, as I was firm in my resolution not to do anything more for the patient until Dr. S. came, they had to submit. I wished to make a call of importance in the neighborhood, and proposed going to be back by the time Dr. S. arrived; but the friends of the sick man would not suffer me to leave the room. When Dr. S. came, we conversed

aside for a few minutes, and gave him my view of the case, and stated what I had done and why I had done it. We then proceeded to the bedside of our patient; there were still no signs of approaching consciousness.

"Don't you think his head must be shaved and blistered?" asked the wife, anxiously.

Dr. S. thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, by all means; send for a barber, and also for a fresh fly blister, four inches by nine."

I looked into the face of Dr. S. with surprise; it was perfectly grave and earnest. I hinted to him my doubt of the good that mode of treatment would do, but he spoke confidently of the result and said that it would not only cure the disease, but, he believed, take away the predisposition thereto with which Mr. H.—was affected to a high degree.

The barber came. The head of H.—was shaved, and Dr. S. applied the blister with his own hands, which completely covered the scalp, from forehead to occiput.

"Let me remain on for two hours, and then make use of the ordinary dressing," said Dr. S. "If he should not recover during the action of the blister, don't feel uneasy; sensibility will be restored soon after."

I did not call again, but I heard from Dr. S. the result. After we left, the relatives stood anxiously around the bed upon which the sick man lay; but though the blister began to draw, no signs of returning consciousness showed themselves, further than an occasional low moan, or an uneasy tossing of the arms. For full two hours the burning plaster parched the tender skin of H.—'s shorn head, and was then removed; it had done good service. Dressings were applied, repeated and repeated again, but still the sick man lay in a stupor.

"It has done no good; hadn't we better send for the doctor," asked the wife.

Just then the eyes of H.—opened, and he looked with half stupid surprise from face to face of the anxious group that surrounded the bed.

"What in the mischief is the matter?" he at length said. At the same time feeling a strange sensation about his head, he placed his hand rather heavily thereon. "Heavens and earth!" He was now fully at his senses. "Heavens and earth! what ails my head?"

"For mercy's sake keep quiet," said the wife, the glad tears gushing over her face. "You have been very ill, there, there, now!" and she spoke soothingly, not say a word, but lie very still."

"But my head! what's the matter with my head?" It feels as if scalded; where's my hair? Heavens and earth! Sarah, I don't understand this. And my arm—what's my arm tied up in this way for?"

"Be quiet my dear husband, and I'll explain it all. Oh, be very quiet; your life depends upon it."

Mr. H.—sank back upon the pillow from which he had risen, and closed his eyes to think. He put his hand up to his head and felt it tenderly all over, from temple to temple, and from nape to forehead.

"Is it a blister?" he at length asked.

"Yes, dear; you have been very ill; we feared for your life," said Mrs. H.—, affectionately. "There have been two physicians in attendance."

H.—closed his eyes again; his lips moved. Those nearest were not much edified by the whispered words that issued therefrom. They would have sounded very strangely in a church or to ears polite and refined. After this he lay for some time quiet. "Threatened with apoplexy, I suppose?" he said; interrogatively.

"Yes, dear," replied his wife.

I found my lying insensible upon the floor, on happening to come into your room. It was providentially that I discovered you when I did; or you would certainly have died." H.—shut his eyes and muttered something, with an air of impatience; but his meaning was not understood. Finding him out of danger the friends and relatives retired, and the sick man was left alone with his family.

"Sarah," he said, "why in the name of goodness did you permit the doctor to butcher me up in this way? I'm laid up a week or two, and all for nothing."

"It was to save your life, dear."

"Save the—"

"H—s—h! there! do, for mercy's sake, be quiet; everything depends upon it."

With a gesture of impatience H.—shut his eyes, teeth and hands, and lay perfectly still for some minutes. Then he turned his face to the wall, muttering in a low, petulant voice, "too bad! too bad!"

I had not erred in my first and last impression of H.—'s disease, neither had Dr. S., although he used a very extraordinary mode of treatment. The facts of the case were these; H.—had a weakness; he could not taste wine nor strong drink without being tempted into excess. Both himself and friends were mortified at this; and they, by admonition, and by good resolutions, tried to bring a reform; but to see was to taste, and to taste was to fall. At last his friends urged him to shut himself up at home for a certain time, and see if total abstinence would not give him strength. He got on pretty well for a few days, particularly so, as his coachman kept a well-filled bottle for him

in the carriage house, to which he not unfrequently resorted; but a two ardent devotion to this bottle brought on the supposed apoplexy. Dr. S. was right in his mode of treating the disease after all, and did not err in supposing that it would reach the pre-disposition. The cure was effectual. H.—kept quiet on the subject, and bore his shaved head upon his shoulders with as much philosophy as he could muster. A wig, after the sores made by the blister had disappeared, concealed the barber's work until his own hair grew out again. He never ventured on wine or brandy again, for fear of apoplexy.

Mrs. Grumble's Soliloquy.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr. Jones, been in my house these six months; and no more trouble to me than my gray kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, love-letters, cigars and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as a pedagogue in vacation time."

"Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery, instead of drop-curtains, she'd like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a cricket to put her feet on, and a little rocking-chair, and a big looking-glass, and a pea-green shade for her gas-burner."

"She would like breakfast about ten minutes later than your usual hour; tea ten minutes earlier, and the gong, which shocks her nerves so, altogether dispensed with."

"She can't drink coffee, because it is ex-hilarating; broom is too insipid and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa. 'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization."

"She can't digest a roast or fried dish; she might possibly peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came, which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil—or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk or saleratus—she decidedly rejects."

"She's constantly washing out little duds of laces, collars, handkerchiefs, chemises and stockings, which she festoons up to the front windows; to dry; giving passers-by the impressions that your house is occupied by a *Manchessense*; then jerks the bell-wire for an hour or more, for relays of hot smoking-irons, to put the finishing stroke to her operations."

"She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire has gone out and the servants are on a furlough. Oh! nobody knows, but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men-boarders. All you have to do is to wind them up in the morning, with a powerful cup of coffee, give them *carte blanche* to smoke, and a night-key, and your work is done."

FANNY FERN.

N. Y. Mus. World & Times.

Abnegation Extraordinary.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* states that on Thursday afternoon a man and woman were arrested at the Postoffice, in that city, while inquiring for a letter from a lady in Brooklyn. They were well dressed, and their outward appearance indicated that they were persons of wealth and fashion. The officer conducted the pair to the Mayor's office, where they gave the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Harrison Veary. An affidavit of John Powell, residing at No. 3 Market-street, Brooklyn, N. Y., was produced, which that gentleman made before the Mayor on the 14th inst., and in which he stated that John Harrison Veary left Brooklyn on the 4th of July, having taken with him deponent's wife, Hannah, and \$425 in bank notes, gold and silver, belonging to him; and charges the defendant with conspiracy with his wife to rob him, and further, charges him with the larceny of the amount of money above stated. "At the Mayor's office the parties were searched, and upwards of \$200 were found in their possession. It has been alleged, among other circumstances, that early in the present year Mrs. Powell advised her deserted husband to go to England and bring over Mrs. Powell's sister, as she thought she would be more contented than to believe alone without relatives, in this country. Through the persuasions of the wife Mr. Powell was induced to go to Europe, and while absent, it is said, matters were arranged for absconding with Veary, and their plans were effected on the 4th inst. They were committed in default of \$1,000 bail each, to await the action of the New York authorities."

The house once occupied by William Penn is still standing in Philadelphia. It is occupied, we have been told, as a second-hand furniture store.

The French peasantry, it appears, will have the wine shops and cafes open on Sundays, and so the recent attempt to close them, in one of the departments, has been given up.

How Much Sleep!

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a contemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours sleep is sufficient for any man. This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep for while one person is healthy on five hours sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the largest amount of sleep; the wear and of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded. Overtasking themselves, without adequate sleep, is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops, when nothing is put on the land, it is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who, with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep for nearly a day. Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that, after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose, for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, and in the evening, and, in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for ever vital function become torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.—*Phil. Ledger.*

A New Scheme to Obtain a Wife.

At the Brompton County Court last week, Mr. Gay, surgeon, of No. 3 Prospect-place, Brompton, brought an action to recover the sum of 15s. from Mr. Paine, an unmarried gentleman, of Wellington-square, Chelsea. Mr. Gay said he had supplied the defendant with a mixture and a box of pills, and had attended him six times, for which visits he charged half-a-crown each. He had not charged for the mixture. Mr. Delamere, the defendant's solicitor, said that his client resided with a gentleman at Brompton, who had a family of beautiful daughters. Mr. Gay, who was a single man, was anxious to obtain an introduction to the young ladies, with the view to choose a wife. With this object he sought the services of Mr. Paine, who very foolishly pretended to be ill, and accordingly the professional services of Mr. Gay were sought to alleviate the sufferings of the patient.

Mr. Paine, on being called, stated that Mr. Gay informed him of his wish to pay attention to a young lady, as he was sick of being single, [laughter] and entreated witness to introduce him to one. [Laughter.] He mentioned and recommended the young ladies at their house; but how to get an introduction was, for some time, a poser to them. [Laughter.] It could only be carried out by a stratagem; and it was devised by plaintiff and himself, that he, (the defendant,) should fall ill [roars of laughter] and write a letter to Mr. Gay to visit him. [Prolonged merriment.] He felt unwell [laughter] and wrote the note proposed to Mr. Gay: "Dear Sir—I want to see you immediately, I am alarmingly ill. Yours, &c. Postscript.—Only myself and the Misses—at home, my boy. [Shouts of merriment.] Mr. Gay came immediately. There was nothing whatever the matter with him [laughter], and he never took the stuff that was sent, but threw it to the dogs. [Renewed laughter.]

As to the six visits the plaintiff had charged him for, it was a downright do. At any rate, five out of the six were paid to the young ladies, and Gay had the modesty and impudence to charge him half-a-crown for each of the wailing visits.—[Shouts of laughter.] Besides that, he was invited to dinner each time. He never had any rash, saving the rashness of introducing the plaintiffs to his friends."

The Judge.—Adolphus, I think if it be a joke, it ought to be carried out. [Laughter.] Fifteen shillings is, perhaps, too much to pay for it. My judgment will be for ten shillings, and that is not too much for a rich joke like this.—*English paper.*

BABY'S BEST.—Mr. Canning was one asked by an English clergyman how he liked the sermon he preached before him.

"Very good," replied the clergyman.

"Why, it was—"

"O yes, said the preacher; 'you know I avoid being tedious.' 'Ah, but,' replied Canning, 'you were tedious.'"

A Sharp Transaction.

Some days since, as a financier was just leaving his office in Wall Street after a busy day of stock and banking operations, (which had evidently been satisfactory, since his countenance wore the pleasant expression which is compatible only with unqualified success,) he noticed a country-man with stockied hat, homespun coat, and thick, mud-covered boots, driving along a cow and calf. The cow's udder was brimming full, so that fine streams of the lactical fluid were running from her teats. The thought of pure country milk, crossed the broker's brain, and the temptation to secure such a luxury, induced him to pause.

"I say," cried to the countryman.

"Hello yourself," replied the rustic.

"That's a fine cow you have there."

"Waal yes, pretty smart animal I reckon."

"Where do you come from?"

"Duchess county, a little back of Po-keepsy. Been drivin all day around town consarn'd tired any how."

"If your cow for sale?"

"Don't know, hate to part with her, mought dicker, want to buy?"

"Perhaps so, what's your price?"

"Look here Mister, you can't have the calf that's half Dovonshire and mor'n quarter Durham."

"Well, I don't want the calf, what'll you take for the cow?"

"What a thundering big house," soliloquized the countryman, as his glance rested upon the Exchange. Must cost a heap o' money!"

"Oh, if you don't want to sell I'll go," observed the gentleman.

"Well, I don't like to part with old Bet, but if you'll give sixty five dollars in California shiners, you can take her. Look at that," continued the Yankee, pointing to a pool of milk that had gathered on the pavement, "that's true Old Duchess, tew-thirds cream and the rest sweet buttermilk."

The financier thought the price rather high, but the sight of the milk—and such a bag full—convinced him that the bargain would be a good one, so he stepped into his office and produced the gold, while the yankee counted, hefted; bit, &c., to make sure that it was good, observing that folks are pesky sharp down here, and somebody said this was Wall-street so I'd better look out. Having satisfied himself that the gold was good, he turned away with the calf, almost crying to part with old Bet, who he said he loved mor'n he did his brother."

The Wall street gentleman hired a Hibernian to drive old Bet to his home across the river. That night there was rejoicing in Brooklyn: Great was the flow of pure country milk, so abundant that the Broker began to think he had tapped the Milky Way. New pans were purchased, the children were filled up like demi-johns, even the cats had a lick extra, and Biddy called in all the helps around to talk over the wonder. The proud owner and his wife congratulated each other a hundred times, and went to sleep only to dream of sailing in a huge tin pan over an ocean of milk. Old Bet was fed on corn meal and bedded like a pet dog. Next morning instead of fifteen quarts she gave but three: next day about a pint, and in a week she was as dry as a book of logarithms.

The Wall-st financier was completely sold. The Yankee never saw Duchess Co., but got an old 'fallow' cow, just dry, up, borrowed a calf, set him milking, until the flow was somewhat stimulated, then kept the cow without milking for a week, when she was in proper order to appear on 'change,' when he dressed himself for the occasion and made his debut on Wall-street.

The done brown broker has since sold his cow to a butcher for twenty dollars, and taken the milk pan to his office to tip pennies into.

A CALIFORNIA WIDOW.—Captain Saltwater says his first essay to effect a matrimonial charter resulted in a manner so discouraging that he don't believe he'll ever be induced to try it over again. The Captain being out of service for some months, conceived a passion for a rather mysterious young lady boarding at the same hotel. Says the Captain, "I conveyed her round to shops, shows, balls, theatres, churches, and every other place of amusement and information, and at last when I thought things had gone far enough, I squared my yards, and says I, just as cool as a powder monkey, Ma'am, I've been thinkin' I'd like to get spliced."

"Spliced!" says she, artless as a dove.

"Spliced," said I, "and if you've a notion, why, I'm ready to share my luck and dunnage with you, ma'am!"

She looked sort of taken back at first, but she goes about and says she.

"Captain, I've been thinkin' if my husband don't write soon, and send me some money and a gold watch from California, I just asleave marry somebody else as not, and if you'll wait a few days I'll give you the preference!"

Her husband had been gone to the Pacific just four months, and here was a California widow! I stood off after that, said the Captain.

VALUE OF APPLAUSE.—Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence.

"It does," replied the actress. "It gives us breath."

Languages of the World.

It is estimated that there are 587 languages and general dialects in Europe; 937 in Asia; 226 in Africa; and 1,264 in America;—in all, nearly 3,000. The transitions of languages have been referred sometimes to an indefinite antiquity, sometimes to distant races of men. Moses, our oldest historian, refers the matter to Babel-building upon Shinar's plain.—Casual examination substantiates this statement. There is in all languages one great primary origin. Powers of voice are as natural to man as to animals and birds. Monosyllables are the primitive sounds, and syllabic compounds are the result of interchange with other nations. Hence all the fundamental tongues are monosyllabic as to generic ideas and compound species and varieties. The Sanscrit, Chinese, Welsh, Hebrew, and German, are formed on this principle.

The Chinese have 214 radical words and signs to represent them; out of these by synthesis other words are found. It has been computed that there are 20,000 words in Spanish; 25,000 in Latin; 25,000 in English; 30,000 in French; 45,000 in Italian; 50,000 in Greek; and 60,000 in German. There are 1,700 radical words in Hebrew.

Speech itself is one of the greatest marvels of man's nature. To utter thought, to communicate ideas, is as wonderful as it is useful. Without speech, man's knowledge would be of little use to him. He might think, and feel, and reason, but it would be only for himself.—Gigantic intellect might grasp the whole race of human knowledge, but those acquisitions must die away unuttered. Our pious fathers, feeling well the importance that lay in the speaking of man to man, founded places where men could teach, where as yet teaching by the voice was the sole method of instruction. Universities arose while there were yet no books procurable, when a man for a single book had to give an estate of land. However great and wonderful the power of speech something more was required for a world's population—and writing, a second kind of speech, was the gift desired and the gift bestowed.

It was an epoch when contemplative man first began to represent sounds and ideas by signs. It was something to design thought by a rough outline picture, but something more when these rude hieroglyphics were abbreviated into current written characters.

THE JEWS.—The Reverend Mr. Duffield, of Detroit, in a letter from Jerusalem give the following account of the lamentation of the Jews 'over their desolated temple and scattered nation.'

One of the most affecting sights I have witnessed during my travels, was encountered yesterday, P. M. I repaired to the appointed spot to hear the lamentations of the Jews over their desolated temple and scattered nation. The site of the ancient temple is now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. No Christian or Jew is allowed by the Musselmene to enter its precincts. The nearest approach that the Jews can make to it, is to the large and massive stones of the wall which Solomon built from the bottom of the narrow valley or ravine, called the Tiropean, for the purpose of sustaining and supporting the terrace arches which were built out from the base of the rock on its four sides, and on which the temple on Mount Moriah was originally constructed.

I saw thirty-five Jews standing or seated, near these stones, all of them bowing, and restlessly swinging to and fro, while they read their scriptures in the Hebrew, and some weeping bitterly as they uttered their wail of distress.

One man sobbed as if his heart would break, while he stood reading and trembling with emotion in his whole frame. Women, with white scarfs thrown over their heads, passed mournfully along the wall; some kissed the stones with their lips, others laid their hands on them, and then kissed their hands, while most sat in a squatted or Turk-like position, reading parts of their liturgy in Hebrew. I ventured with a courteous salutation to look upon the page from which an aged man was quietly reading. He politely pointed his finger to the place. He was reading 58th, 59th and 60th Psalms. The whole scene was so deeply moving, exhibiting in such a powerful light the sad reality of the Jews' great national sorrow, and caused such a rush of solemn thoughts in my mind, that I was overcome by it.

More murderous rascality, similar to that attempted, the other day, on the Harlem Railroad, has been detected in Massachusetts. The express train which left Boston on Monday, at 5 o'clock, for Portland, when about three miles from Elliott, encountered two sleepers thrown across the track, and placed about ten feet apart. Fortunately the engineer was on the look-out, and saw the obstruction in time to prevent an accident. No punishment can be too severe for the miscreants who thus put in peril the lives and limbs of travelers.

INDEPENDENCE OF SOCRATES.—Archelaus, a powerful monarch, offered Socrates a handsome person, if he would come and reside at his court. The answer of the philosopher was as independent as laconic. "At Athens, meat is twopenne the measure and water may be had for nothing."

What is Respectability.

To judge from the conduct and ideas of some persons among both sexes, respectability consists in driving fast horses, wearing rich lace, drinking champagne, or idling away life. To cut a figure in society, on the promenade, or at watering places, appear to be the sole aim of many women, who surely were born for better things. To cultivate a moustache, support a 'two forty,' trotter, or act as a model exhibitor of costs for some fashionable tailor, seems to be the conception of a dignified and respectable career formed by not a few of the men.

Now, being respectable, in either man or woman, is, to our notion, doing what is duty. The poorest person, even what is considered popularity; the humblest avocation, who pays his debts, obeys the law, and fulfils his other obligations to society add to his fellow-creatures, is a thousand times more respectable than the wealthy idler, the educated spend-thrift, the callous miser, or the fashionable fool. So the modest female, whether seamstress, book-folder, press-tender, storekeeper, or even house-servant, is, in the true sense of the word, infinitely more respectable than the extravagant wife who is ruining her husband, then the thoughtless votary of fashion, then the butterfly diet. In a word, worth, not wealth, constitutes respectability.

Again. It is what really is, not what merely seems to be, respectable, that man of sense honor as such. The millionaire, who has obtained wealth by knavish practices, though he may creep through the meshes of the law, cannot escape the indignant verdict of an honest public, he may give grand dinners, drive a showy equipage, inhabit a palace, and even subscribe ostentatiously to benevolent purposes; yet, while all his outside gilding, people recognize the rattle-ness within, and from the summit of his splendor, trace back the slimy track by which he rose. Such a man, let him do what he will, can never become respectable. A gulf as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, separates him from the esteem of the good. So also the low-minded in all pursuits, those cruel and unfeeling towards their fellow-men, charlatans of every hue, hypocrites, demagogues, toadies, sharpers, and all others of a similar kind, cannot be respectable. Pinchbeck never yet passed long for gold. Or, as the old proverb has it, 'you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'

A BITE.—Alfonzo Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it in his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, heaving a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, something bites you."

THE PEDANT OUTDOES.—A Pedantic fellow called for a bottle of hock at a tavern, which the waiter, not hearing distinctly, asked him to repeat. "A bottle of hock—hic, hacc, hoc," replied the visitor. After sitting, however, for a long time, and no wine appearing, he ventured to ring again, and inquire into the cause of the delay. "Did I not order a bottle of hock, sir? Why wasn't it brought?" Because," answered the waiter, who had been taught Latin Grammar, "you afterwards declined it."

DR. JOHNSON AND THE SIMPLETON.—Shakespeare tells us that a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who tells it; a fact of which Dr. Johnson was so fully persuaded, that he felt offended if any of his sayings appeared to tickle the tympanum of a dullard. To a simpleton who sniggered at one of his remarks, he rudely exclaimed, "What are you laughing at, sir? I'll have said anything that you understand, I ask pardon of the rest of the company."

PAZOCOTTY.—A few days ago a little fellow was taken by his father to a carpenter, to be bound apprentice to him, after the fashion of old times. In settling the business, the master, who was one of the stiff kind, observed—

"Well, my boy, I suppose you can eat almost anything, can't you? I always make my boys live on what they don't like."

"I love every thing but minth and apple pieth," lisped the boy.

NATURAL CRITICISM.—I always listen with pleasure to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the Pigs. "To be sure," said he, "they be deadlike like pigs; but there is one fault: nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but what one of them had his foot in the trough."

SIMPLICITY OF A HINDOO.—A Hindoo, acquainted with the English language, heard an Englishman ask very eagerly, in the House of Commons, "how great will the majority be?" The party questioned replied, "doubtless six." "Why," says the Hindoo, "if the issue is so certain; do they not vote first, and talk afterwards as they like?"

CINGER PROVERB.—Going to law, is losing a cow for the sake of a egg.